Mr. Macklin as Shylock.

J. Overnight sculp.

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THE

Merchant of Venice.

A COMEDY.

Taken from the

MANAGER's BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden.

LONDON:

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M.DCC.LXXXVII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

MEN.

Anthonio,	—	*Mr. Farren.*
Baſſanio,	—	*Mr. Pope.*
Gratiano,	—	*Mr. Macready.*
Lorenzo,	—	*Mr. Johnſtone.*
Shylock,	—	*Mr. Macklin.*
Launcelot,	—	*Mr. Quick.*

WOMEN.

Portia,	—	*Mrs. Pope.*
Neriſſa,	—	*Mrs. Inchbald.*
Jeſſica,	—	*Mrs. Morton.*

Senators of Venice, *Officers, Gaoler, Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly at* Venice, *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia.

The Merchant of Venice.

ACT I. SCENE, *A Street in Venice.*

Enter Anthonio, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Anth. IN ſooth, I know not why I am ſo ſad:
It wearies me; you ſay, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn:
And ſuch want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myſelf.

Sal. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean;
There, where your Argoſies with portly ſail,
Like ſignors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtſy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs, to know where ſits the wind;
Prying in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads.
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows, and of flats;
And ſee my wealthy Andrew dock'd in ſand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,

And not bethink me ſtrait of dangerous rocks;
Which, touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing, bechanc'd; would make me ſad?
But, tell not me;—I know, Anthonio
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie!

Sola. Not in love neither? Then let's ſay, you are ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry: and 'twere as eaſy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and ſay, you are merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And others of ſuch vinegar-aſpect,
That they'll not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though Neſtor ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenzo, *and* Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes Baſſanio, your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare you well:
We leave you now with better company.

Sola. I would have ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace the occaſion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.

Baſſ. Good Signiors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay
when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange: muſt it be ſo?

Sal. We'll make our leiſures to attend on yours.

Sola. My lord Baſſanio, ſince you have found Anthonio,
We two will leave you; but, at dinner-time,
I pray you have in mind, where we muſt meet.

Baſſ. I will not leave you. [*Exeunt* Solar. *and* Sala.
Gra. You look not well, ſignior Anthonio;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.
Anth. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A ſtage, where every man muſt play his part,
And mine a ſad one.
Gra. Let me play the Fool:
With mirth and laughter, let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in alabaſter?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, Anthonio,
(I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks)
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages,
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtilneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O, my Anthonio, I do know of thoſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But ſiſh not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo: fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.
Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men,
For Gratiano never lets me ſpeak.
Gra. Well, keep me but company but two years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.
Anth. Fare well: I'll grow a talker for this gear.
Gra. Thanks, 'faith, for ſilence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.
[*Exeunt* Gra. *and* Loren.
Anth. Is that any thing now?
Baſſ. Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing,

more than any man in all Venice: his reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff; you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

Anth. Well; tell me now, what lady is the ſame,
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of?

Baſſ. 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſhewing ſomething a more ſwelling port,
Than my faint means would grant continuance;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate: but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, ſomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gagg'd. To you, Anthonio,
I owe the moſt, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good Baſſanio, let me know it;
And, if it ſtand, as you yourſelf ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extremeſt means,
Lye all unlock'd to your occaſions.

Baſſ. In my ſchool-days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf-ſame flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is loſt; but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelfway
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.

Anth. You know me well; and herein ſpend but time
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have.
Then do but ſay to me, what I ſhould do,

That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: therefore, ſpeak.

Baſſ. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; ſometime from her eyes
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from ev'ry coaſt
Renowned ſuitors:
O, my Anthonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch thriſt,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'ſt, that all my fortunes are at ſea;
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That ſhall be rack'd even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, preſently enquire, and ſo will I,
Where money is; and I no queſtion make
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake.

SCENE, *a Room in Portia's Houſe at Belmont.*

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. By my troth, Neriſſa, my little body is weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, ſweet Madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I ſee, they are as ſick, that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing: it is no mean happineſs, therefore, to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. He is a good divine, that follows his own inſtructions: I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. But this reaſoning is not in faſhion to chuſe me a huſband: O me, the word chuſe!

I may neither chuſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike; ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Neriſſa, that I cannot chuſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inſpirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts of gold, ſilver, and lead, (whereof who chuſes his meaning, chuſes you) will, no doubt, never be choſen by any rightly, but one who ſhall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe princely ſuitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over name them; and as thou nam'ſt them, I will deſcribe them; and, according to my deſcription, level at my affection.

Ner. Firſt, There is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can ſhoe him himſelf. I am much afraid, my lady, his mother play'd falſe with a ſmith.

Ner. Then there is the Count Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who ſhould ſay, *And if you will not have me, chuſe.* He hears merry tales, and ſmiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philoſopher when he grows old; being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two!

Ner. How ſay you by the French lord, Monſieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is ſober; and moſt vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is beſt, he is little worſe than a man; and when he is worſt, he is little better than a beaſt. And the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope, I ſhall make ſhift to go without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chuſe, and chuſe the right caſket, you ſhould refuſe to perform your father's will if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worſt, I pray thee, ſet a deep glaſs of Rheniſh wine on the contrary caſket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know, he will chuſe it. I will do any thing, Neriſſa, ere I will be marry'd to a ſponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of theſe lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit, unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your father's impoſition, depending on the caſkets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaſte as Diana, unleſs I be obtained by the manner of my fathers will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are ſo very reaſonable; for there is not one among them but I doat on his very abſence, and pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a ſcholar and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Baſſanio; as I think, he was ſo call'd.

Ner. True, Madam. He, of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe. How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, Madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his maſter, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the [illegible] welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewel, I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a ſaint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me, than wive me. Come, Neriſſa.—Sirrah, go before.—While we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A public Place in Venice.*

Enter Baſſanio *and* Shylock.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats:—well.

Baſſ. Ay, Sir, for thee months.

Shy. For three months:—well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, Anthonio ſhall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio ſhall become bound;—well.

Baſſ. May you ſtead me? will you pleaſure me? ſhall I know your anſwer?

Shy. Three thouſand ducats, for three months, and Anthonio bound?

Baſſ. Your anſwer to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.——

Baſſ. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is, to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient. Yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an Argoſy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I underſtand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, ſquander'd abroad. But ſhips are but boards, ſailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats; water thieves, and land thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithſtanding, ſufficient. ——Three thouſand ducats: I think, I may take his bond.

Baſſ. Be aſſur'd, you may.

Shy. I will be aſſur'd I may; and, that I may be aſſur'd,
I will bethink me. May I ſpeak with Anthonio?

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to ſmell pork; to eat of the habitation, which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into; I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?——Who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baſſ. This is ſignior Anthonio.

Shy. [*Aſide.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a chriſtian:
But more, for that, in low ſimplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls intereſt. Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Baſſ. Shylock, do you hear?——

Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore;
And, by the near gueſs of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand ducats: what of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furniſh me: but ſoft, how many months
Do you deſire? Reſt you fair, good ſignior; [*To Anth.*
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouths.

Anth. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of exceſs,
Yet, to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a cuſtom:—Is he yet poſſeſt,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thouſand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your bond; and let me ſee,——— But
hear you,
Methought, you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never uſe it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's ſheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalf)
The third poſſeſſor; ay, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him? did he take intereſt?

Shy. No, not take intereſt; not as you would ſay,
Directly, intereſt: mark, what Jacob did.
When Laban and himſelf were compromis'd,
That all the yeanlings which were ſtreak'd and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The ſkilful ſhepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes;

Who, then conceiving, did in yeaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Anth. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold, and silver, ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast.——
Anth. Mark you this, Bassanio?
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.——
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falshood hath!
Shy. Three thousand ducats,'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.
Anth. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?
Shy. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me,
About my monies, and my usances.
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
(For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe)
You call me, misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine;
And all for use of that, which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then;—you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies—You say so;——
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold;—monies is your suit;
What should I say to you? should I not say,
Hath a dog money? Is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—*Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;*
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?
Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love;
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with;
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me;
This is kind I offer.

Anth. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:——
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Anth. Content, in faith. I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Anth. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months (that's a month before
This bond expires) I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are!
Whose own hard dealings teaches them to suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship;
If he will take it so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Anth. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;

Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*

Anth. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Anth. Come on; in this there can be no dismay:
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE, *Venice.*

Enter Launcelot *alone.*

Laun. CErtainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.* My conscience says, *no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo*; or, as aforesaid, *honest Launcelot Gobbo*; do not run; scorn running with thy heels. Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* says the fiend! *away!* says the fiend; *for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind*, says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, *my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son*, or rather an honest woman's son ——(for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow too: he had a kind of taste)—— Well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not*; *budge*, says the fiend; *budge not*, says my conscience: conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well. To be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be rul'd by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo, *with a Basket.*

Gob. Master, young man; you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father, who being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not.—I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up, on your right-hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry, at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down directly unto the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwells with him, or not?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot? (mark me now, [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters;) Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, Sir, but a poor man's son. His father, though I say't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, Sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man: *ergo*; I beseech you; talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff or prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, Sir, I am sand blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might

fall of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing. Truth will come to light. Murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, Sir, stand up. I am sure, you are not Launcelot my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not, what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery indeed:—I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art my own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how thou art chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; how agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for my own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present! give him a halter; I am famish'd in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man; to him, father;—for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, *with* Leonardo, *and a Follower or two more.*

Bass. You may do so.—But let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Baſſ. Gramercy, would ſt thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my ſon, Sir, a poor boy ——

Laun. Not a poor boy, Sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, Sir, as my father ſhall ſpecify, ——

Gob. He hath a great infection, Sir, as one would ſay, to ſerve ——

Laun. Indeed, the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the Jew, and have a deſire, as my father ſhall ſpecify ——

Gob. His maſter and he, (ſaving your worſhip's reverence) are ſcarce cater-couſins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cauſe me, as my father, being I hope an old man, ſhall frutify unto you ——

Gob. I have here a diſh of doves, that I would beſtow upon your worſhip; and my ſuit is ——

Laun. In very brief, the ſuit is impertinent to myſelf, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man; and, though I ſay it, though old man, yet poor man my father.

Baſſ. One ſpeak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

Baſſ. I know thee well. Thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuit: Shylock, thy maſter, ſpoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment To leave a rich Jew's ſervice to become The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my maſter Shylock and you, Sir; you have the grace of God, and he hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well. Go, father, with thy ſon: Take leave of thy old maſter, and enquire My lodging out. —— Give him a livery, [*To his followers.*] More guarded than his fellows: ſee it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a ſervice, no ——— I have ne'er a tongue in my head. —— Well, [*looking on his palm*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book, I ſhall have good fortune. —— Go to, here's a ſimple line of life! Here's a ſmall trifle of wives; alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows and nine maids is a ſimple coming in for one man. And then, to ſcape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed. —

Here are ſimple ſcapes! Well, if Fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt* Laun. *and* Gob.

Baſſ. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtow'd,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to-night
My beſt-eſteemed acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My beſt endeavours ſhall be done, believe.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your maſter?

Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks. [*Exit* Leonardo.

Gra. Signior Baſſanio——

Baſſ. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a ſuit to you.

Baſſ. You have obtain'd it. [Belmont.

Gra. You muſt not deny me, I muſt go with you to

Baſſ. Why, then you muſt:——But hear thee, Gratiano,
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;——
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they ſhew
Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy ſkipping ſpirit; leſt, through thy wild behaviour,
I be miſconſtru'd in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.

Gra. Signior Baſſanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then;
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh, and ſay, Amen;
Never truſt me more.

Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Baſſ. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: but fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.

Gra. And I muſt to Lorenzo, and the reſt:
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Shylock's House.*

Enter Jessica *and* Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness;
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewel: I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!——Tears exhibit my tongue. [*Aside.*
Most beautiful Pagan,—most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceiv'd. But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu! [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewel, good Launcelot.——
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

SONG, by JESSICA.

Haste, Lorenzo, haste away,
To my longing arms repair,
With impatience I shall die;
Come, and ease thy Jessy's care:
Let me then, in wanton play,
Sigh and game my soul away. [Exit.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away at supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sola. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock; we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter Launcelot *with a Letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An' it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, Sir, to bid my old master the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold, here, take this ——Tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her:——Speak it privately; go——
Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch bearer. [*Exit* Laun.

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Sola. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so.

Grn. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest.
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Shylock's House.*

Enter Shylock *and* Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio;——
What, Jessica!——thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;——what, Jessica!——
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out:
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;
There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house;—I am right loth to go;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, Sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together.—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me;
Jessica,
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean, my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah:
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, Sir:
Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit* Laun.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewel, mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit; but he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;

Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you:——
Shut the doors after you; *fast bind, fast find*;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*
Jes. Farewel; and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a father, you a daughter, loſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Gratiano *and* Salanio *in Maſquerade.*

Gra. This is the pent-houſe, under which Lorenzo
Deſired us to make a ſtand.
Sal. His hour is almoſt paſt.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour;
For lovers ever-run before the clock.
Sal. O, ten times faſter Venus' pigeons fly
To ſeal love's bonds new made, they then are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds:
Sal. Here comes Lorenzo.—More of this hereafter.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made me wait:
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then; approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

SONG, by Lorenzo.

My Miſs too long my bride denies,
Space the waſting Summer flies;
Nor yet the winter's blaſt I fear,
Nor ſtorms nor night ſhall keep me here.

What may for ſtrength with ſteel compare?
O, love has fetters ſtronger far!
By bolts of ſteel are limbs confin'd;
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breaſt,
When thought its torment, the firſt are beſt;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to ſtay,
Away, my Miſs, haſte away.

Jeſſica *above in Boy's cloaths.*

Jeſ. Who are you? tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll ſwear that I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jeſ. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;

For whom love I so much? and now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness, that thou art.
Jes. Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains.
Lor. But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.
Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit from above.*
Gra. Now by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.
Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be plac'd in my constant soul.
Enter Jessica *below.*
What, art thou come?——On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay. [*Exit.*
Enter Anthonio.
Anth. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Anthonio?
Anth. Fie, Gratiano? where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all stay for you:—
No masque to-night:——the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you:——
Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Exchange.*

Enter Solarino *and* Salanio.

Sol. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
Sala. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a Gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides Anthonio certify'd the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Sola. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outrageous, and ſo variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the ſtreets;
My daughter!—O, my ducats!—O, my daughter!
Fled with a Chriſtian? O, my Chriſtian ducats!——
Juſtice! the law!——*My ducats, and my daughter!*——
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, ſtol'n from me by my daughter,
And jewels,
Juſtice! find the girl!
She hath the jewels upon her, and the ducats!
Let good Anthonio look he keep his day;
Or he ſhall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember'd.
I reaſon'd with a Frenchman yeſterday;
Who told me in the narrow ſeas, that part
The French and Engliſh, there miſcarried
A veſſel of our country, richly fraught.
I thought upon Anthonio, when he told me,
And wiſh'd in ſilence, that it were not his.

Sola. You were beſt to tell Anthonio what you hear;
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw Baſſanio and Anthonio part.
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return: he anſwer'd, *Do not ſo.*
Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, Baſſanio,
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love;
Be merry, and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love,
As ſhall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he puts his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous ſenſible
He wrung Baſſanio's hand, and ſo they parted.

Sola. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſs
With ſome delight or other.

Sal. Do we ſo. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE. *A Street in Venice.*

Enter Solanio *and* Salarino.

Salarino. NOW, what news on the Rialto?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Anthonio hath a ship of rich laden wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Sola. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knap ginger; or made her neighbours believe, she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high way of talk, that the good Anthonio, the honest Anthonio—— O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sola. Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Sola. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the devil cross thy prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the taylor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sola. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sola. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh and her's, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and Rhenish:— But tell us, do you hear, whether Anthonio have had any loss at sea, or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares ſcarce ſhew his head on the Rial-to;——a beggar that us'd to come ſo ſmug upon the mart;——Let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian courteſy; let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am ſure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fiſh withal. It will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge. He hath diſgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million; laugh'd at my loſſes, mock'd at my gains, ſcorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reaſon? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame means, warm'd and cool'd by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a Chriſtian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? If we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example? why, Revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter Tubal.

Sala. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unleſs the devil himſelf turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* Sala. *and* Sol.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? haſt thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in Frankfort! The curſe never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now;—two thouſand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! O, would ſhe were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—why, ſo;—and I know not

what's ſpent in the ſearch: Why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa——

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an Argoſy caſt way, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news; ha! ha! Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me: I ſhall never ſee my gold again: fourſcore ducats at a ſitting! fourſcore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that ſwear he cannot chuſe but break.

Shy. I am glad of it. I'll plague him, I'll torture him. I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal:—it was my Turquoiſe, I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very. Go, Tubal, fee me any officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good Tubal; at our ſynagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Belmont.*

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, *and Attendants.*

The Caſkets are ſet out.

Por. I pray you, tarry;——pauſe a day or two, before you hazard; for, in chuſing wrong

I lose your company; therefore, forbear a-while.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
I could teach you
How to chuse right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be: so you may miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn.

Buss. Let me chuse;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then! I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof. ——
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music. [*Music plays.*

Buss. ——So may the outward shows be least themselves;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?
Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatnest, than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;
And here chuse I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. O Love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit! [*Opening the leaden casket.*

Baſſ. What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come ſo near creation? Move theſe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſugar breath; ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends.
But her eyes,——
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfurniſh'd.
Here's the ſcrowl,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

You that chuſe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuſe as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſs,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiſs.

A gentle ſcrowl.—Fair lady, by your leave——
[*Kiſſing her.*
I come by note, to give and to receive,
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.
Por. You ſee, my lord Baſſanio, where I ſtand,
Such as I am. Tho', for myſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh myſelf much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myſelf,
A thouſand times more fair, ten thouſand times
More rich; that, to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me
Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits itſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which, when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all my words.
But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours;
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and take down?

Gra. No, we shall ne'er win at that sport, and take down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salanio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salanio.

Baſſ. Lorenzo, and Salanio, welcome hither:
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord; they are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpoſes was not to have ſeen you here;
But meeting with Salanio by the way,
He did intreat me, paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal. I did, my lord,
And I have reaſon for't. Signior Anthonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Baſſanio a letter.*

Baſſ. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not ſick, my lord, unleſs it be in mind;
Nor well, unleſs in mind: his letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate. [*Baſſanio opens a letter.*

Gra. Neriſſa, cheer yon ſtranger: bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salanio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Anthonio?
I know, he will be glad of our ſucceſs;
We are the Jaſons, we have won the fleece.

Sal. Would you had won the fleece, that he hath loſt!

Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yon ſame paper,
That ſteal the colour from Baſſanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe!
With leave, Baſſanio, I am half yourſelf,
And I muſt have the half of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.

Baſſ. O ſweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,

When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true. And yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you,
My state was nothing, I should then have told you,
That I was worse than nothing. For, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? what, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, from England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scap'd the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning, and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
The duke himself and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Anthonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Anthonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me; the kindest man,
And one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What ſum owes he the Jew?
Baſſ. For me, three thouſand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond?
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair through my Baſſanio's fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never ſhall you lie by Portia's ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Neriſſa and myſelf, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come,—away!
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day
Bid your friends welcome, ſhew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
—But let me hear the letter of your friend.
Baſſ. reads. *SWEET Baſſanio, my ſhips have all miſcarry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and ſince, in paying, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are clear'd between you and me, if I might but ſee you at my death. Notwithſtanding, uſe your pleaſure: if your love do not perſuade you to come, let not my letter.*
Por. O, love, diſpatch all buſineſs, and be gone.
Baſſ. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte; but till I come again,
No bed ſhall e'er be guilty of my ſtay,
Nor reſt be interpoſer 'twixt us twain.

SCENE.

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Anthonio, *and the Gaoler.*
Shy. Gaoler, look to him.—Tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool, that lent out money gratis.—
Gaoler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; ſpeak not againſt my bond;
I have ſworn an oath, that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dſt me dog, before thou had'ſt a cauſe;
But, ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The duke ſhall grant me juſtice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.

Anth. I pray thee, hear me ſpeak.

Shy. I'll have my bond;—I will not hear thee ſpeak;
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more.
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yield
To Chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond.
[*Exit* Shylock.

Sola. It is the moſt impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Anth. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs prayers:
He ſeeks my life: his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me.
Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am ſure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Anth. The duke cannot deny the courſe of law;
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in Venice, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore go:
Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.——
Well, gaoler, on——Pray God, Baſſanio come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Belmont.*

Enter Portia, Neriſſa, Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and* Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a gentleman you ſend relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your huſband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent of doing good,
And ſhall not now:
Therefore, no more of it. Hear other things.——
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands

The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastry two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt* Jes. *and* Lor.

Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the Traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice: waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Nerissa, I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;

And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd;
I could not do with all; ——then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have in my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks
Which I will practise.

But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach; which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Launcelot *and* Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of a bastard hope neither.

Jess. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jess. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed. So the sins of my mother shall be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear, you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jess. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he; we were Christians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jess. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say. Here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly; the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be *more* than reason; but if she be *less* than an honest woman, she is, indeed, *more* than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, sir, it shall be cover'd; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit* Laun.

Lor. O, dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How far'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: it is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:
And, if on earth he do not merit it, then

In reason, he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.
Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that!
Lor. I will anon. First, let us go to dinner.
Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things,
I shall digest it.
Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Senate-house in Venice.*

Enter the Duke, the Senators, Anthonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, and others.

Duke.

WHAT, is Anthonio here?
Anth. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I'm sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Anth. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'ſt this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt shew thy mercy, and remorse, more strange,
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And, where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddled on his back,
Enough to preſs a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint;
From ſtubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſy.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, Jew.

Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your grace of what I purpoſe;
And by our holy Sabbath have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll aſk me, why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats: I'll not anſwer that;
But ſay, it is my humour. Is it anſwer'd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' the noſe,
Cannot contain their urine. For affection,
Maſters of paſſion, ſway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your anſwer.
As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmleſs neceſſary cat;
Why he, a ſwollen bag-pipe; but of force
Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend, himſelf being offended;
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing

I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first. [twice?
Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee
Anth. I pray you, think, you question with the Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height.
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make a noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven.
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart.—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are ours:——So do I answer you,
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment. Answer, shall I have it?
Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,

Unleſs Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to day.

Sal. My lord, here ſtays, without,
A meſſenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the meſſenger.

Baſſ. Good cheer, Anthonio! What, man! courage yet!
The Jew ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.

Anth. I am a tainted weather of the flock,
Meeteſt for death: the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, Baſſanio,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Neriſſa, *dreſſed like a Lawyer's Clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.

Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd!
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And, whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee; for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou can'ſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin.——I ſtand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.——
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.

Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but at the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Anthonio the merchant. We turn'd o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend) comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment, to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Enter Portia, *dress'd like a Doctor of Laws.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario what he writes;
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.
—Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference,
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Anthonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
—You stand within his danger, do you not? [To *Anth.*

Anth. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Anth. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
—'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Tho' justice be thy plea, consider this,——
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice,
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. ——— It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel,
O, wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath,——I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful;

Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Anth. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why, then thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O, noble judge! O, excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true. O, wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond; doth it not, noble judge?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words. [flesh?
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good, you do so much for charity.
Shy I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?
Anth. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.
——Give me your hand, Bassanio, fare you well!
Grieve not, that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shews herself more kind,
Than is her custom. It is still her use,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hol ow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the process of Anthonio's end;
Say, how I lov'd you; speak me fair in death;

And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Baſſanio had not once a love.
Repent not you, that you ſhall loſe your friend,
And he repents not, that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.
Baſſ. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itſelf;
But life itſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife whom, I protеſt, I love:
I would, ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome power to change this curſiſh Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well, you offer it behind her back;
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe. [her;
Shy. Theſe be the Chriſtian huſbands. I have a daugh-
Would, any of the ſtock of Barrabas
Had been her huſband, rather than a Chriſtian! [*Aſide.*
——We trifle time; I pray thee, purſue ſentence.
Por. A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine,
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Moſt rightful judge!
Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt;
The law allows it, and the court awards it. [pare.
Shy. Moſt learned judge!—A ſentence!—Come, pre-
Por. Tarry a little;—there is ſomething elſe.——
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expreſsly are, a pound of fleſh.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of Venice. [judge!
Gra. O, upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O, learned
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyſelf ſhalt ſee the act:
For, as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd,
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.
Gra. O, learned judge!—Mark, Jew, a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian go.
Baſſ. Here is the money.

Por. The Jew shall have all justice. Soft!—no haste!
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O, Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less, than just a pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou dies't, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel! a Daniel, Jew!
—Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause?—take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I! a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That, by direct or indirect attempts
He seeks the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice:
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thyſelf:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeited to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.

Duke. That thou may'ſt ſee the difference of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it.
For half thy wealth it is Anthonio's,
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the ſtate; not for Anthonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Anthonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing elſe, for God's ſake.

Anth. So pleaſe my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman,
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more,—that for this favour
He preſently become a Chriſtian;
The other, that he doth record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He ſhall do this; or elſe I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what doſt thou ſay?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In chriſtening thou ſhalt have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

(*Exit* Shylock.

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do deſire your grace of pardon;
I muſt away this night to Padua,
And it is meet, I preſently ſet forth.

Duke. I'm sorry, that your leisure serves you not.
—— Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exit Duke and his train.*

Baſſ. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wiſdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thouſand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Anth. And ſtand indebted, over and above,
In love and ſervice to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well ſatisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am ſatisfy'd,
And therein do account myſelf well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leave.

Baſſ. Dear Sir, of force I muſt attempt you further.
Take ſome remembrance of us, for a tribute;
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You preſs me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your ſake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.

Baſſ. This ring, good Sir, alas, it is a trifle;
I will not ſhame myſelf to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing elſe but only this.
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Baſſ. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The deareſt ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I ſee, Sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me firſt to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.

Baſſ. Good Sir, this ring was given me by my wife:
And, when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.

Por. That 'ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts.
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enmity for ever,

For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.
[*Exit with* Neriſſa.

Anth. My lord Baſſanio, let him have the ring.
Let his deſervings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainſt your wife's commandment.

Baſſ. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'ſt,
Unto Anthonio's houſe.—Away, make haſte.
——Come, you and I will thither preſently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Anthonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Street.*

Re-enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. Enquire the Jew's houſe out, give him this deed,
And let him ſign it. We'll away to-night,
And be a day before our huſbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord Baſſanio, upon more advice,
Hath ſent you here this ring; and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept moſt thankfully.
And ſo I pray you, tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you, ſhew my youth old Shylock's houſe.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would ſpeak with you.
I'll ſee if I can get my huſband's ring; [*To* Por.
Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever. [ing.

Por. Thou may'ſt, I warrant. We ſhall have old ſwear-
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-ſwear them too.
—Away, make haſte; thou know'ſt where I will tarry?

Ner. Come, good Sir, will you ſhew me to this houſe,
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *Belmont. A Garden belonging to* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter Lorenzo *and* Jeſſica.

Lorenzo.

THE moon ſhines bright:—in ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,

And sighed his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressida lay that night.
Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew:
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love,
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come:
But hark! I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Balthazar.

Lor. Who comes so fast, in silence of the night?
Balth. A friend. [friend?
Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you
Balth. Balthazar is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont. She doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels, and prays,
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Balth. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
—I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!
Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo and mistress Lorenza? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollowing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news. My master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter:—Why should we go in?
My friend Balthazar, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit* Balth.
How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlay'd with patens of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls!
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho, wake Diana with a hymn;
And draw her home with music.

SONG, by LORENZO.

To keep my gentle Jessy,
What labour wou'd seem hard;
Each toilsome task how easy!
Her love the sweet reward.

The bee thus, uncomplaining,
Esteems no toil severe;
The sweet reward obtaining,
Of honey, all the year.

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet music. [*Music.*

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſic touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand,
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a mutual gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſic. Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſic for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no muſic in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no ſuch man be truſted.——Mark the muſic.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa *at a diſtance.*

Por. That light we ſee is burning in my hall:
—How far that little candle throws its beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckow,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our huſbands healths,
Which ſpeed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a meſſenger before,
To ſignify their coming.

Por. Go, Neriſſa,
Give orders to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence.
—Nor you, Lorenzo; Jeſſica, nor you. [*trumpet ſounds.*

Lor. Your huſband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
—We are no tell-tales, madam, fear you not.

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, *and their followers.*

Por. You are welcome home, my lord.

Baſſ. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Anthonio,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.

Por. You ſhould in all ſenſe be much bound to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound to you.

Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house.
It must appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

[Gratiano *and* Nerissa *seem to talk apart.*

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gilt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho,—already?—what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,
That she did give me; whose poesy was
For all the world like a cutler's poetry
Upon a knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till the hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave.
Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,——
A kind of boy,—a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself,—the judge's clerk—
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left-hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away

Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too;——And then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;——
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam,—by my soul,—
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Even he, that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend.
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me, to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house;
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:

Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bed-fellow.
Ner. And I his clerk;—therefore, be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Gra. Well, do you so: let me not take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Anth. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you:—You are welcome, notwithstanding.
Bass. Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which but for him, that had your husband's ring,
[*To Portia.*
Had quite miscarry'd. I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Anth. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor.
Por. I had it of him:—pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways,
In summer, where the ways are fair enough.
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?
Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario;
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo, here,
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect; unseal this letter soon,
There you shall find, three of your Argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:

You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Anth. I am dumb.

Baſſ. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unleſs he live until he be a man.

Baſſ. Sweet doctor, you ſhall be my bedfellow;
When I am abſent, then lie with my wife.

Anth. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jeſſica,
From the rich Jew, a ſpecial deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of ſtarved people.

Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet, I am ſure, you are not ſatisfy'd
Of theſe events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon interrogatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be ſo. The firſt interrogatory,
That my Neriſſa ſhall be ſworn on, is,
Whether ſtill the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe Neriſſa's ring.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.